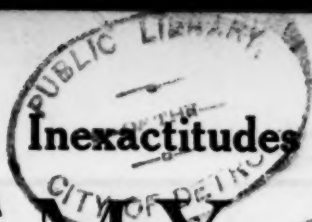


THE ACADEMY
October 16, 1909

OCT 26 1909

Literary

Inexactitudes



THE ACADEMY

WITH WHICH ARE INCORPORATED LITERATURE AND THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by LORD ALFRED BRUCE DOUGLAS

No. 1954

OCTOBER 16, 1909

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LIFE AND LETTERS

It is truly characteristic of this wonderful "Democratic" Government that, having at last made up its mind to deal firmly with the Suffragettes, it should go out of its way to make an exception in the case of Lady Constance Lytton. This silly woman was arrested for throwing stones "in the cause of the suffrage," and she was sentenced to a short term of imprisonment. She refused to eat any food, and was let out at the end of two days, and she will now in all probability take an early opportunity of repeating her offence. There is no earthly reason why Lady Constance Lytton should be treated any differently from any other woman, except that she happens to be the sister of an earl who is a member of the Liberal Party, and who is himself a supporter of female suffrage. Lady Constance Lytton will no doubt be received by her family with enthusiasm after her heroic exploits, for her other brother, Mr. Neville Lytton, in addition to being an indifferent painter and a vegetarian, is an ardent male Suffragette, and wears his hair long (no doubt "for the good of the cause"). For our part, we consider that the offence of throwing stones is a form of dangerous violence which ought to be suppressed with a very firm hand, and the fact that in the present case the offender is a lady of position, and presumably of good breeding and education, merely aggravates the offence. But it is quite consistent with the general conduct of this Government that, while they never lose an opportunity of vilifying and abusing and denouncing the House of Lords and the aristocracy generally, they cannot bring themselves to allow profane hands to be laid on the person of anyone of aristocratic birth. The compulsory feeding of an earl's daughter would seem to them quite unspeakably out of the question. There is no snob like a Radical snob.

The distressing state of national degeneracy which has overtaken the French nation under its present Government of atheists and robbers was vividly demonstrated on Wednesday last by the behaviour of a Paris mob of Socialists, who "demonstrated," after their own amiable fashion, because a Spanish anarchist named Ferrer was executed at Barcelona for his many crimes. Though it was not possible at the time to bring it home to him, there can be no reasonable doubt that Ferrer was deeply concerned in the dastardly attempt to assassinate the King and Queen of Spain on their wedding-day. The man who threw the bomb on that occasion, killing and wounding a score of innocent people, was Ferrer's servant, and had been carefully trained in Ferrer's school of anarchy

and murder at Barcelona. This interesting gentleman (the bomb-thrower) was, by the way, the object of Mr. Bernard Shaw's affectionate solicitude, and the cruel manner in which he was "hounded down" by the authorities caused Mr. Shaw to work himself into paroxysms of indignation and sympathy in the preface of one of his plays—we forget which for the moment. We shall be surprised if Mr. Shaw does not take the opportunity of letting off a few burning words on the subject of the execution of Ferrer, which, we take it, has cut him to the quick; while as for Mr. Frank Harris, he has now got the finest chance of his life, provided that the new management of *Vanity Fair* allows him a free hand in his quondam journal.

Judging from what we hear of him in the literary prints Mr. William Watson would appear to be very much out of poetical sorts. Only the other day he treated us to some quite commonplace verses in the *Spectator*. Now we have further tidings from him in Mr. John Lane's "Journal of Books at the Bodley Head," and in the interests of poetry it is our duty to point out that this second specimen of Mr. Watson's recent muse is even worse than the *Spectator* effort. The verses take the form of a sonnet, the octave of which runs as follows:—

"What hopes and fears, what tragical delight,
What lonely rapture, what immortal pain,
Through those two hands have flowed, nor thrilled in vain
The listening spirit and all its depth and height!
Lovelier and sweeter from those hands of might
The great strange soul of Schumann breathes again;
Through those two hands the over-peopled brain
Of Chopin floods with dreams the impassioned night."

And here are the last four lines of the sextet:

"O fair Enchantress, through those hands of thine;
And yet perchance forgets at last his woes,
Happy at last, to think that hands like those
Have poured out to the world his heart's red wine."

We submit that this is fearfully dull and plantigrade writing. One supposes that poets do at times write verses out of pure compliment, but we should imagine that the lady to whom Mr. Watson's lines are addressed would in her heart of hearts be quite other than grateful to him, for our poet's steady insistence upon "those hands," though, no doubt, well meant, has the effect almost of satire. Furthermore, it is eminently unpoetical and on technical grounds unpardonable in a sonnet-writer.

We have repeatedly called attention in these columns to the absolute contempt for the sonnet form which appears to exist among the middling poets of the time. Their idea seems to be that provided they can manage to rhyme the sonnet properly they have written a sonnet; hence we have Mr. Watts-Dunton offering us a whole series of interrogatories in the faith that he was writing a sonnet; or we find him adorning his lines with debasing dialects; or we get Mr. A. C. Benson tossing off fourteen lines of cheap sentiment and cheaper emotion; or we are irritated by the prosy, didactic, jagged-mouth kind of sonnet affected by Mr. Justice Darling and hailed as the product of blinding genius by the *Westminster Gazette*. The fact is that the sonnet happens to be the one form in poetry which is to be approached only by the absolute poet. It is for the elect even more surely than is blank verse. It is a form which belongs to the innermost and the highest, and to trifle with it or hold it lightly, and as a thing easily and commonly compassed, is a sin before the high Muse. If we remember rightly, it is that wonderful pensioner, Mr. Austin Dobson, who tells us in one of the jingles which is supposed to justify his "eminence" as a poet that he "intended" a "song" and "it turned to a sonnet," and that the matter involved

was somebody's "bonnet." The lines in question have been quoted and re-quoted, and we believe that they appear as a sample of choice English poetry in the "Oxford Book of English Verse."

Even so, Mr. Watson goes to a "pianoforte recital," where Schumann and Chopin are "rendered" by a doubtless very charming and accomplished woman. He says in his heart: "I like this lady; she is an artist, and I must fetch down a compliment for her." And he fetches down a sonnet. It has never occurred to Mr. Watson that a bouquet would have been a great deal more to the point, and at the same time inoffensive to Poetry. It would be quite possible to write a sonnet to Mr. Harry Lauder. Mr. E. V. Lucas, who has always aspired to be a poet, and succeeded only in admiring Mr. Lauder, could nevertheless easily write what would pass for a sonnet on this "great master of laughter." As Mr. Lucas has not yet come forward, otherwise than in prose, Mr. Watson's opportunity still remains.

We have received the first number of the official journal of the "Poetry Recital Society," price twopence. The journal is oddly named *The Poetical*. When persons who are presumed to be poets adopt such a title for their organ, we obtain free, gratis, and for nothing a pretty fair indication of their respect for the English language. And we know them at once for poets of a distinctly doubtful character. The Poetry Recital Society boasts in *The Poetical* of a representative list of patrons. The list begins with the Bishop of Durham, it achieves the high top-gallant of its joy, so to speak, on the names of Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Miles, and it culminates gloriously on the name of Mr. W. H. Lever, whom we take to be the soap man. We have dipped into *The Poetical*, and it appears to us to be full of "gems":—

On the eve of going to press we had the pleasure of enrolling Mr. John Temple Trotman, who will probably long enjoy the distinction of being the oldest member of the Society. Although 88, Mr. Trotman retains a sonorous voice and a keen memory for poetry long familiar to him. He will take part in the October 15th meeting. Mr. Trotman was a colleague of the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, and has published a collection of poems under the title of "The Harp."

We do not know Mr. John Temple Trotman. It is obvious that there is no harm in the fact that Mr. Trotman is eighty-eight, and we are glad to hear that he retains "a sonorous voice and a keen memory for poetry long familiar to him." The fact that he was a colleague of the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon is a blameless fact, and we are ravished to know that he will take part "in the October 15th meeting." At the same time, what is poetry coming to, and what in the name of goodness have such eminent poets as Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, and Lieutenant Shackleton (all vice-presidents of the Poetry Recital Society) to do with Trotman?

On page 25 of *The Poetical* we are told that one of the objects of the Poetry Recital Society is "to bring together lovers of poetry, with a view to extending and developing the intelligent interest in, and proper application of, poetry." Immediately above we read:—

"BANKERS—Barclay and Co., Limited."

Messrs. Barclay and Co. are excellent bankers, but why in the names of Homer and Lieutenant Shackleton should the Poetry Recital Society throw Messrs. Barclay at us in this unblushing company-promoting manner? Of course, a poet can bank at Barclay's when he has anything to bank, and while for our own part we prefer Cox's, we shall not

assert that a poet who banks at Barclay's is utterly outside the financial pale, or that his cheques would not be duly and profusely honoured. Banking, however, is on the face of it absolutely the last matter in which poets should be overtly concerned, and it seems to us that the Poetry Recital Society should make a point of keeping the name of its bankers strictly to itself, or at least should refrain from advertising it in the manner of company touts and starting-price bookmakers. It is probable that Wordsworth banked somewhere, and for anything we know to the contrary Tennyson may have run three distinct and separate accounts. Yet neither of them appears to have said a word about it.

Pages 20 and 21 of *The Poetical* are occupied with what we imagined at first to be a transcript of the Poetical Society's passbook, but which turns out to be a programme for a course of "reading and learning for the ensuing five months." Here you are:—

	Read.	Learn.
Oct. 16.	Browning—"By the Fireside"	"Think when," to "let fall."
	Browning—"Home thoughts from abroad"	Whole poem.
	Keats—"O soft embalmer"	Whole sonnet.
	Keats—"Bright star would I"	Whole sonnet.
Oct. 23.	Browning—"Andrea del Sarto"	
	Browning—"Prospice"	Whole poem.
	Browning—"Home Thoughts from the Sea"	Whole poem.
	Keats—"Ode to Autumn"	Whole poem.
	Keats—"Fame like a wayward girl"	Whole sonnet.
	Keats—"To Fancy"	
Oct. 30.	Browning—"An Epistle (con- taining the strange Medical Experience of Karshish the Arab Physician)"	
	Browning—"Summum Bonum"	Whole poem.
	Keats—"Ode on a Grecian Urn"	Whole poem.
	Keats—"In a drear nighted De- cember"	

This may be all very well for Lieutenant Shackleton and Mr. Lever of Port Sunlight, and even for Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, and it might certainly have beneficial effects upon the bloated intellect of Mr. G. K. Chesterton. But when one comes to think of it—tilly-fally!

Of course, *The Poetical* devotes considerable space to reviews of poetry books, and it has received its reward in the shape of publishers' advertisements. Needless to say, the publishers' advertisements make excellent reading. The criticism, however, runs to this sort of thing:—

That Mr. Arthur is entirely modern in thought and execution will be evident to all who read his ably-written volume, but he has avoided many of the errors and pitfalls which infest the path of the modern singer. His work is at once perspicuous and distinctive. There is no straining after the impossible; and though he is sometimes wanting in artistic method, he is rarely guilty of tameness, ill-taste, or misjudgment. In dealing with natural subjects he is easy, graceful, melodious, and simple, but not niggardly.

Take the following from "Autumn":—

"But now a sunbeam breaks the spell,
And gilds with finger-tips of gold
The woods; and trees we know so well
Begin their beauty to unfold;
While jasmine and wild bryony entwine
With honeysuckle and sweet eglantine."

And:

"The gauze-like mist envelops all we see;
Beyond is all Romance and Mystery."

Or, again, from the "Garden of Memory":

"Betwixt the clipt yew hedges,
With many a gnarled oak tree,
Stretches a moss-grown terrace
With steps of porphyry."

Or:

"Blue sapphire set on amethyst;
Jasper on ruby, stone on stone."

This is not the work of a novice, but verse of a high order; rich, pointed, and compassionate.

The notice we have quoted is signed "A. W.," which may or may not mean Arthur Waugh. It is a notice which bristles with unblushing distortions of critical facts, and on the whole it makes us tremble for the future of the Poetry Recital Society. It is significant to note that *The Poetical* is published at the Garden City, Letchworth, and that "a minimum circulation of 5,000 is to be maintained." This means that the Poetry Recital Society is going to print 5,000 copies of *The Poetical* whether the public demand runs to 5,000 or not. In our opinion, it would be a terrible thing for poetry if the public demand ran into any such figures, and in the ordinary condition of affairs it could not conceivably reach 5,000 copies. To persons who know anything about poetry *The Poetical* will come as a matter for deep distress, and for our own part we pray that persons who know nothing about poetry will be spared *The Poetical*, as it will do them a great deal more harm than good. We trust that, in fairness to the benighted public, *The Poetical* will print our strictures in its next issue, side by side with the encomiums of Mr. Jacob Tonson and the *Daily News*.

We have received a number of letters from persons who are anxious to be informed as to the true inwardness of the *Re-union Magazine*. Mr. A. E. Manning-Foster, late of the *County Gentleman and Land and Water*, who, with Mr. John Long's reader, figures at Somerset House as the promoter of the company which is to run the *Re-union Magazine*, informs us that he has started the journal out of "deep religious conviction." We shall not controvert Mr. Manning-Foster's statement, but we shall content ourselves by inquiring whether Mr. Manning-Foster's colleague in the *Re-union Magazine* Company advised Mr. John Long to publish "The Yoke" out of "deep religious conviction."

On Monday, October 18, the Promenade Concerts enter upon the tenth and last week of the present season. At the Wagner concert on that evening the vocalists will be Frl. Ellen Beck and Mr. Horatio Connell. The programme for Tuesday is full and interesting. The one actual novelty is the second of Sinigaglia's "Danze Piemontese," the first of the set having been heard a week ago. Miss Johanne Stockmarr is the pianist and will offer Franck's Symphonic Variations and Liszt's Fantasia on Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens." The Symphony is Schubert's "Unfinished." Miss Ada Forrest will sing the soprano aria from Bantock's "Christ in the Wilderness." On Wednesday, October 20, Miss Dorothy Bridson will produce for the first time in England one of the newly discovered violin concertos of Haydn, No. 1, in C. Sir Hubert Parry's Symphonic Variations in E minor form part of the scheme, which is otherwise made up of familiar things. An interesting novelty opens the concert on Thursday: the Rhapsodie Espagnole, for Orchestra, by Maurice Ravel, one of the representatives of the modern French School. Elgar's Sea pictures and his New Symphony in A flat are included in the programme. Grieg's pianoforte concerto will be played by Miss Johanne Stockmarr. On Friday, October 22, the Symphony will be Beethoven's C minor. Miss Ellen Beck will sing the Recitative and Aria, "Non piu di fiori," from Mozart's "La Clemenza di Tito," the corno di bassetto obbligato being played by Mr. F. Gomez. Mr. Arthur Catterall is down for Bach's Chaconne for Violin alone.

THE PRISONER OF GOD

ONCE long and long ago I knew delight.
God gave my spirit wings and a glad voice.
I was a bird that sang at dawn and noon,
That sang at starry evening time and night;
Sang at the sun's great golden doors, and furled
Brave wings in the white gardens of the moon;
That sang and soared beyond the dusty world.

Once long and long ago I did rejoice,
But now I am a stone that falls and falls.
A prisoner, cursing the blank prison walls,
Helpless and dumb, with desperate eyes, that see
The terrible beauty of those simple things
My soul disdained when she was proud and free.
And I can only pray: God pity me,
God pity me and give me back my voice!
God pity me and give me back my wings!

OLIVE DOUGLAS.

A DEAD CITY OF THE RENAISSANCE

THE silence of long centuries of sleep
Broods with closed eyes and lips that may not sing,
And lizards through its quiet byways creep—
The city, beautiful at evening.

No glorious ladies walk there at the noon,
The cold sea beats and murmurs at its gate,
It is most wonderful beneath the moon,
And in the haggard morning desolate.

There is no sentinel about the wall,
The great gates, broken in the flying press,
Hang loose and rust; none seek when shadows fall
The pale Madonna without hands to bless,

Who no more guards the city of her name
Since the dark night a thousand times recalled,
When dream-like from the hills the alarum came,
And the great altar lost its emerald.

In every palace, empty of delight,
The jealous mosses canker on the walls,
The solemn moonlight every silver night
Starkly on each forsaken bastion falls.

The lute-strings have been silent many a year,
There is no sound of music in the street—
When the noontide grew clamorous with fear,
And suddenly were stayed the dancing feet,

Red strife laid all the pleasaunce desolate,
And singing poets sought the armourer;
Ladies, with fingers white and delicate,
Laid by their gold and scarlet and miniver;

And no more lovers starry-eyed for love
Watched the sun set in rose and amethyst
Beyond the sea; but clarions shrilled above,
And iron clamoured about them as they kissed.

The dreaming midnight set a slumb'rous hush
Upon the slain men sleeping in the street;
Over their heads the grass grew thick and lush,
The wild red poppies covered up their feet.

The painted glories moulder from the walls;
Strange jewels, curiously carven for delight,
The silver dust obscures; at intervals,
Bats, like the shadow of death, obscure the night.

E. T.

LITERARY INEXACTITUDES

IN a notice of a recently published novel, the reviewer pointed out that even the stupid and dull characters had wit and sparkle allotted to their conversations. The comment gives pause, for it applies in a measure—with some the wit and sparkle is meretricious—to many a book of the day. That the dullard and the fool should speak with dulness and stupidity is obvious; but to admit such speech to the printed page when brilliancy and paradox alone win a hearing would court disaster in the market-place, where, indeed, disaster lurks always ready to overwhelm the reckless, the weak, and the unwary, with never the need of courting. The result is a curious one. In an age when Realism clamours loudest, we find least reality. When no matter is too sacred to escape being dragged forth to face the world in type, Truth may remain neglected in her well, unless, we are told, she stand on her head to attract attention in the guise of paradox—Truth in a false position—in which case Truth is no more true than Goldsmith's "Traveller" in first proof, set up in wrong order by a blundering printer, was the perfect poem. It is not politicians only who proffer inexactitudes to the public.

Yet the parade of knowledge was never greater. Accuracy of data can be accomplished with the minimum of labour when text-books, like compressed-food tablets, are for the purchase in endless variety. A superficial correctitude is within reach of all, but accurate use too often lacks, for that demands, not only knowledge, but the power to apply it to the matter in hand in such fashion as to convey it in true proportion to the mind of the reader. This is a knowledge not to be compassed by the text-books—such, in fact, as presupposes leisure for its attainment, and in the whirl of eighty-horse-power rush to-day we have no leisure. We have no time for accuracy. It is a matter merely for the specialist. It becomes, as spelling once was, "an indecent subject that should not be mentioned between gentlemen." Neither does the brilliant impressionist need nor desire such stock-in-trade. Thus our style, every whit as much as Johnson's, though in diverse fashion, tends to merit Macaulay's verdict of "systematically vicious," and our big words, like those of friend Samuel, are "wasted on little things," frequently because words are the only big things in the user's brain. Nor should "big" be reckoned to signify only the *sesquipedalia verba* indulged in alike by the worthy Doctor and his critic. That false proportion was the manner of their day, the day of the long sentence, but not of ours, the day of the short paragraph. There be more methods than one of "saying nothing in magnificent language," the high art of the orator who uses speech to conceal thought. All too many of us affect a magnificence and brilliancy of phrase to conceal the lack of thought. Verbiage ever provided a cloak for the ignorant. Charity may cover sins; smartness turns them into virtues. For of sins there is but one towards which the world shows no mercy, one misdoing no reparation suffices to excuse: it is—to fail.

The survival of the fittest has become clap-trap. Yet, if it is success that makes the world, it is the failures that make the success. A world with only failure might be a world of unrelieved misery, but a world with only success is an impossibility. Even Heaven must have Hell, or, why Heaven? Thus we see yet again that success and failure are but relative terms when all is said, and it remains for the Afterwards to place them. At the moment, what the world demands is a brilliant effectiveness. Fortune smiles on paradox, and platitude, though she be Truth herself,

may waste in limbo. But Fortune is fickle and fugitive as her twin sister Fashion. What she proffers for favour is but deceit, often as her vaunted beauties are vain. She smiled on the elaborate conceits of the euphuists before she flirted with the studied simplicity of the *Spectator* school. Pope was her favourite before Swinburne. She called on the echoes to applaud a Scott before she dealt out admiration to a Kipling. The great survive as volumes on the bookshelves; the lesser find no memorial save in the bibliographies of the expert. Life is denied but to the few, and they be those who have won nearest to truth.

Do you find smart speeches in the mouths of Miss Austen's dullards? Do her fools prate wittily? Only parody could put a brilliant repartee to the credit of Mrs. Bennet. But that good lady is not dead, though she made her bow to the world near a hundred years ago, and the hand that limned her has been cold clay in Winchester Cathedral for more than nine decades. We all know Mrs. Bennet. We have all listened to her aimless talk far oftener than luck has ever permitted us, in actual life, to admire the unvaryingly clever speeches latter-day novels offer as samples of latter-day conversation. Miss Austen's characters are human. While men and women are human we shall know them, and hear them speak nine days out of every ten in our lives. On the tenth, perchance, we may hap upon a representative of the modern school as mirrored in the popular novel. But, mark you, it will be a representative of the novel, modelled after the fashion thereof, not the original product which inspired the novelist's pen.

As do all phases and fashions, this must pass. What was wit and brilliancy yesterday can be tediousness to-day, and to-morrow may deny it any share of merit. Remains then to be seen what the school of the future shall embody, when paradox is old-fashioned and platitude once more is new. But one thing may we count on, the further brilliancy is strained from truth the greater will be its ultimate downfall, the more complete its eventual disappearance.

AN OLD READER OF SCOTT

My first memories of Scott are of his poems. My father, a Scottish working man of the best type, and, like the father of Thomas Carlyle, a stonemason to trade, is a warm admirer of Scott. When I was a child he used to read aloud in the home circle—an excellent custom to which I look back now with deep gratitude, inasmuch as it fostered in me a love of reading which has been a most precious possession—and amongst the books that were read were "The Lady of the Lake" and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." It was "The Lady of the Lake" that made the deepest impression upon me then, and particularly the passages relating to Roderick Dhu. The love of fighting is born in boys, and in an innumerable multitude of British boys that love has been fostered by the poetry of Sir Walter Scott. Some of us may grow up to be Peace Crusaders, but the old Adam of the military spirit is never far beneath the surface.

It was the fifth canto of "The Lady of the Lake" that made the deepest early impression upon me. Often as I have gone over the lines for myself since then, they have even yet the power to stir me. What splendid mouthfuls some of the couplets are!

My father's edition of the poems was a little, almost square, squat-shaped volume, with a dark red cloth cover. My last memories of it are when the covers had gone and the process of breaking-up was pretty far advanced. My

conscience is not quite clear that the disintegration was not unduly hastened by some of my own carelessness, and I have some faint recollection of the junior members of the family being taken to task over the matter. At any rate, the dear dumpy volume disappeared from the scene, but not without leaving a good influence behind it.

Our family library was a small one. Among the treasures were three volumes of Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather" (Second Series). The edition was an early one, the printing excellent, the size a handy one (I think 18mo), the binding a quarter binding of brown leather, and there was a steel frontispiece to each volume. I have not seen the work for a long time, but all these details are fresh in my memory, for the books were long my closest companions. I cannot say how often they were read, but I know that it was many times, and the parts that were most frequently read were those relating to the exploits of the great Marquis of Montrose. Again and again I went over the accounts of his campaigns. I gloried in his victories of Inverlochy, Aulderne, Alford, and Kilsyth, and I sorrowed over the defeat of Philiphaugh, and that last sad scene at the Grassmarket of Edinburgh.

Montrose was to me the chief hero of those volumes, but I had almost as keen an appreciation of the merits of the stories of Highland feuds which Scott tells so well. The stories of Allan-a-Sop, of Donald of the Hammer, of the Children of the Trough, and of Evan Dhu, Chief of the Camerons, made a deep impression upon my youthful mind.

Thanks to his poems and "The Tales of a Grandfather," Sir Walter Scott was favourably known to me before I first read any of the Waverley Novels. When I did begin to read the novels, a new world of surpassing interest was opened before me. I had not a great supply of the novels, being possessed of only two—"Quentin Durward" and "Kenilworth." Of these, I liked "Quentin Durward" by far the better. I read it again and again. What a book that is for a youth, and especially for a Scottish youth. The Scottish soldier of fortune could serve with the utmost devotion the land which hired his sword, but his heart was ever true to the land of his birth, and though the scenes of this book are laid in France and the Low Countries, it is Scottish to the core.

The adventures in this book fascinated me. While every part was delightful, there were some parts that were more charming than others. Durward's encounter with Dunois, the renowned French champion, was one of these passages. What a grand quartet of men we have brought together in that scene! Dunois, the dauntless soldier seeking to save his Prince at the cost of his own life; the Duke of Orleans, gallantly taking upon himself the blame of his foolish act; Lord Crawford, the noble Scotsman concerned for the interest of his employers, but not blind to the honourable doings of his youthful countryman; and young Durward himself who in one morning had borne to earth the first Prince of the blood in France, and had measured swords with her best champion, the celebrated Dunois—there are few scenes in literature that can equal this one.

The next of the Waverley Novels to cast its glamour over me was "Ivanhoe"; though it was not for a year or two afterwards that I had the opportunity of reading the complete work. At school I discovered that the scholars in a class above me were using a reading-book which contained the narrative of some of the most delightful adventures. There were knights in armour distin-

guishing themselves in joyous jousts; there were archers shooting with the most marvellous precision; there was a "Trial by Combat" in which a gallant champion appeared to perform doughty deeds for the right against the wrong; and there was a most exciting siege of a Castle in which a Black Knight performed prodigies of valour. I am not absolutely sure whether all these adventures were in this single reading-book or not, for strangely enough I left that school before I reached the class which used this volume of boyish delights. At any rate, certain portions of "Ivanhoe" were read by me as accounts of individual adventures and without knowing that they were parts of one great story—a story which, taking it for all and all, is probably the most delightful romance in literature.

When I was eleven or twelve years of age I struck up a friendship with a lad slightly younger. My friend's father was dead, but he had been a bookish man, and he had left behind, among other works, a set of Chambers's Encyclopedia and a twenty-five-volume set of the Waverley Novels. As a friend of the family, I was permitted to consult the Encyclopedia and to borrow the Waverleys. Within a few years after this I had become the proud possessor of my own set of the Waverley Novels in twenty-five cloth-bound volumes. In the establishment where I was office-boy was a clerk who had begun the purchase of the edition of the novels which Messrs. A. and C. Black were then publishing in florin volumes, printed from the plates of the Centenary Edition. My friend wished to discontinue the purchase of the series, and he made a bargain with me to take over the few volumes he had already bought. His price was 1s. 3d. per volume, and that was a very big sum to me. But somehow it was managed to be paid, and I was able to buy the other volumes from the bookseller as they appeared, and thus complete the purchase of a set of books which for over twenty years has been the source of much delight.

Although I read all the novels, and enjoyed them every one, there were some which came in for re-reading much oftener than others. My old friend "Quentin Durward" maintained his ascendancy, although he was occasionally ousted by "Ivanhoe." "Guy Mannering" was a strong favourite, as was also "Old Mortality." "Rob Roy," singularly enough, was at first a disappointment. I attribute this to the fact that some years before the reading of Scott's story I had read, or heard read to me, a serial story entitled "The Exploits of Rob Roy," which was contributed by that prince of writers of newspaper fiction, the late Mr. David Pae, to the *People's Journal*. Mr. Pae's story had certain qualities of popularity not possessed by Scott's novels, and the memory of it spoiled to some extent my first reading of Scott's "Rob Roy." Later, however, I was able to appreciate Scott's work at a truer value.

Another Waverley novel which was disappointing to my youthful expectations was "The Pirate." Boylike, I had associated the name "Pirate" with blood-curdling adventures of bold buccaneers in the South Seas or on the Spanish Main, and on that account Sir Walter's romance appeared rather tame. These disappointments were not without their compensations, for, on the other hand, there were certain of the novels which proved far in advance of my expectations. One of these was "A Legend of Montrose." Somehow or other, I had associated the name "Montrose" with the town, and not with the great Marquis. What a delight, therefore, it was to find that the novel dealt with the career of my boyish hero, and that it introduced such a redoubtable Scottish soldier of fortune as the immortal Dugald Dalgetty!

A. R. M. F.

REVIEWS

The Stage History of King Richard III. (New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1 25c. net.)

ALICE I. PERRY WOOD, Ph.D., the compiler of this book, who dates her preface from Vassar College, U.S.A., has printed this authority from Professor A. H. Thorndike, one of the six professors from whom she acknowledges aid.

This monograph has been approved by the Department of English in Columbia University as a contribution to knowledge worthy of publication.

A. H. THORNDIKE,
Secretary.

Professor Thorndike is right. The work is written in very excellent English, contains a wealth of detail, and to the student of Shakespeare cannot fail to be interesting, even necessary. But, though the authoress states in her preface that, "In such a history the consideration of the play as literature must be entirely subordinated to the exhibition of its capacity for stage effectiveness, and its success, deserved or not, with the public," we should be sorry for the actor who contemplated playing "Richard III." and studied it too seriously.

Mr. Seymour Hicks has for some time past advertised his intention of showing himself to us in the part. The authoress insists throughout upon the "popularity" of "Richard III.," and even quotes Guizot to support her: "Aucun peut-être des ouvrages de Shakespeare n'est demeuré aussi populaire en Angleterre. Les critiques ne l'ont pas en général traité aussi favorablement que le public; quelques-uns, entre autres Johnson, se sont étonnés de son prodigieux succès."

Undoubtedly Mr. Seymour Hicks is a "popular" actor, and possibly this book may be a *vade mecum* to him; possibly, also, some of the critics, like Johnson, may be "astonished at the play's prodigious success." But if he, or other "popular" actors, try to draw a correct conclusion of how the "popularity" of the play is best to be attained through studying the various methods detailed in this work, they will emerge sadly taut-minded from the struggle. But there is one consolation for Mr. Hicks: Richard has been played by girls; he can reverse the position of "The Dashing Little Duke" and have his own wife as understudy.

That the play was "popular," in the sense that other dramatists made no bones about imitating it, is early instanced by the authoress. The famous line: "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse," found many admirers, principally a Mr. Marston, who, in his "Scourge of Villainie," 1598 ("Richard III." was produced in 1593), has "A man, a man, a kingdom for a man!" Again, in 1606, in "Parasitaster, or the Fawne," he has "A foole, a foole, my coxcombe for a foole!" and next year he is honest and has it straight out: "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!" in "What You Will" (1607). Others who imitate very closely are Braithwaite, Beaumont and Fletcher, Heywood, and Peele. We gather, however, from the authoress that in those days the relations between rival playwrights were so friendly that imitation was not objected to. In fact, if a play was a hit it benefited the playwrights in general for as many similar works to be produced.

After dealing with "Richard III." in its relation to contemporary plays, the authoress takes us through four periods of "Richard"—Elizabethan, Restoration, the Cibber version, and from Garrick to Irving, concluding with a short history of the play in America.

Though there exists no definite evidence of the production, authorities are in general agreed on 1593-4, and we learn from the title page of the first quarto, 1597, that it was performed by the Lord Chamberlain's men. The actor chiefly associated with the leading part was the great Burbage, who was the first tragedian of eminence to depart from rant and bombast, and deliver his lines with most intelligence and thought. Burbage, the authoress suggests, was under the direct tutelage of Shakespeare.

It is a typically Elizabethan play, and the authoress is right to emphasise the fact that in those "spacious times," which were great theatre-going times, the play was admirably suited to the deep thinkers of the day, as well as to the "groundlings" who loved the bustle and action, and especially the fights. It was at that period that the importance of really good realistic stage fights, with plenty of noise and hard-hitting, began to be properly understood. A decade or so previously the battle was frequently relegated to dumb show, as is shown in an account of "Gordobuc" (1562).

"First the drums and flutes began to sound, during which there came forth upon the stage a company of Hargabustiers and of armed men, all in order of bataille. These, after their peeces discharged, and that the armed men had three times marched about the stage, departed, and the drommes and flutes did cease."

But the fighting in "Richard" was done in a much more robust fashion, to the great delight of the lower class patrons of the play.

With the Restoration the popularity of "Richard III." waned. The clôtüre of the theatres and the stern morality of the Roundheads had taken the taste of the lower classes from theatrical performances. Also, apart from the unsuitability of plays dealing with deposed monarchs, there had arisen a general distaste for battles, even mimic, caused by the recollections of those "bloody days." The theatre, too, had fallen entirely into the hands of the vicious court circle, and the only references to the lower classes were sneers. In that period, too, alterations of Shakespeare's plays were put on, one, "The English Princess, or Richard III." Pepys and Evelyn both refer to this, the former not very complementarily, thus: "To the Duke's playhouse . . . and saw 'The English Princesse, or Richard III.'; a most sad, melancholy play, and pretty good. . . . Little Miss Davis did dance a jig after the end of the play to please the company to see her dance in boy's clothes." Now for the first time were there women players, female parts hitherto having been taken by boys, though a few French and Italian troupes had included women. Now, too, was the orchestra a recognised adjunct, and the "act time" in the interval was introduced.

In her chapter on the Restoration, the authoress deals very fully with the English stage in general, though there is naturally very little "Richard III." Still, as she remarks, it is important, because of the great improvement in stage craft, not forgetting stage carpentry. Also important because the vogue for altering Shakespeare, which was to culminate in Cibber, was creeping in.

In her chapter on the "Cibber version" the authoress is most interesting. "With," she says, "the reappearance of "Richard III.," after half a century's eclipse, it had taken on a form as different from the original play as the eighteenth century stage was from that of the Elizabethan age. By 1700, tampering with plays of Shakespeare was no new thing, and had proved a facile and ready way to theatrical success."

Colley Cibber went for it with the gloves off. Himself an excellent comedian, but a bad tragedian, he was a first-class stage manager and producer. Cibber thought he was working for the good of the stage, and says so in his "Apology"; he compares himself to a cobbler, but a good hardworking one.

He had abundant material; the last folio had appeared in 1685. The authoress, however, on the authority of Dr. Dohse, thinks that the 1664 folio, with the addition of some passages found only in the first quarto, formed the basis of his new "Richard."

The authoress goes at great length into the alteration, and conscientious Shakespearean students who purchase this book, which they should do, must devote particular attention to this chapter. In brief, Colley's idea seemed (1) to cut as much as possible in order to keep the play in reasonable bounds of time; (2) to make it clearer and more easily understood by the audience, to do which he makes very frequent use of "asides." He also makes great use of the soliloquy, ending every act with one. Of

course, as he played Richard himself, he added great prominence to that character. He came in for some very severe criticism. "The Laureate" says that "he screamed through four acts without dignity or decency, and when he was killed by Richmond one might plainly perceive that the good people were not better pleased that so execrable a tyrant was destroyed than that so execrable an actor was silent."

But Cibber loved Richard, and continued to play him, the truth being, the authoress suggests, that the public endured him in tragedy because of his so great excellence in comedy. He was at last, however, hissed off in tragedy. Cibber's version suffered, apart from his own bad acting, from the unwonted violence of the licenser of plays, who cut the whole Act 1 out.

For forty years Cibber's version, then continually played at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, often at both places simultaneously, had had no great actor in the name part. Garrick's first appearance was in 1741, at Goodman's Fields, and created an unprecedented sensation. Garrick, quite a young man, took all London by storm, and for twenty-five years Richard III. was his favourite part.

During this period, though Garrick was indubitably first, other great actors, in the persons of Quin, Ryan, and Sheridan, played Richard. In 1783 came John Philip Kemble, who gave the part a different, a very solemn, rendering. His great rival was Cooke. During this period—the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries—a boy, Master Betty, aged fourteen, played the part with great success, but when he subsequently tried as a man he failed. Child actors in men's parts were then very popular. The authoress contents herself for the rest of this period with practically a list of actors and compilation of notices. Kean, Macready (who did not like the part), Phelps, and so on to Irving. She devotes considerable space to interesting details of costumes, and concludes her chapter with the frank reflection that the "restored" text was not an improvement on Cibber, in that the "restored" appeals to literary rather than to dramatic interest. The Cibber version is still being presented, and many playgoers hope that Mr. Hicks will choose it.

The chapter on "Richard III." in America is notable for the fact that the authoress makes no more than a line reference to Richard Mansfield, whose performance was certainly one of the finest ever given in England or America. The year 1749 seems to have seen the first American performance, in Philadelphia, by English actors, and was the Cibber version; it was repeated in New York in 1750. The play does not appear to have been ever very popular in America. The infant prodigy rage affected it badly. Many little boys and one little girl of eleven played Richard. But the limit must have been reached when the famous sisters Ellen and Kate Bateman, aged four and six! played Richard and Richmond at the Broadway Theatre in 1849.

Miss Wood has tackled a lengthy and difficult subject with scrupulous attention to detail. She has marshalled a host of facts, but she has marshalled them in very good order. "Richard III." is one of the most humanly interesting and certainly one of the most exciting of Shakespeare's plays, and it has been very sadly neglected in London of late. One longs to hear the dear familiar lines: "A horse, a horse," etc., and "Off with his head: so much for Buckingham!" There are many who hope that if Mr. Hicks or anyone else tackles it, they will use the Cibber version right out, not even the mixture adopted by Richard Mansfield.

HARNACKISM

The Acts of the Apostles. By ADOLPH HARNACK. (London: Williams and Norgate. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

CRITICISM, after all, is the most potent champion of truth when it emanates from a broad-minded source. Often, under its sweeping force, it bears away as chaff that which

was looked upon and cherished as wheat, and in this way infuses a jealous disappointment into narrow-minded opposition; but sound knowledge is always to be preferred to unsound knowledge, because the lack of all conscious connection (unity) is the lack of all conscious reality upon which truth must ever be founded.

There was a time when the higher critics were looked upon as irrelevant interlopers by the orthodox priesthood, the fact then not being appreciated that these same interlopers were actually engaged upon the orthodox work of the Church by making it their business to thoroughly understand by critical co-ordination the true sources of the Holy Scriptures.

It would be impossible, even without the sense to grasp its value, not to admire the genius which is concealed behind the writing of such a work as this. As it is, Professor Harnack may be said to have enthralled the theological world as Darwin did the strictly scientific world. Moreover, the force and methods of the two are similar, and in this way the danger which was allied to the historical freedom of the one is the same which is allied to the free science of the other. Darwinism may be held to be profound and irrefragable as far as the machinery of evolution is concerned. Harnackism, if we may be permitted to introduce such a term, may be held to be profound and irrefragable as far as the traditional ground of Scripture is concerned. As a physicist, Darwin postulated the Divine source of organisation, but, as a biologist, he contradicted his postulate by substituting a mental for a physical source of physiology. Harnack, on the other hand, exposes, by his process of implication, the personal or Apostolic sources of the Acts, but, as a logician, he allows the miraculous to confuse him. He, for instance, argues upon proofs that St. Luke wrote or edited the Acts from traditional (oral or script) experience, but he has no proofs to any of his arguments for or against the actual facts of St. Luke's traditional history. St. Mark may have been the source from whence the sacred historian derived the account of the miraculous release of St. Peter from prison, but his (Harnack's) proofs of this in no wise interfere with or dispose of the actual fact of the miracle. For the actual fact of it is rooted in St. Peter's own experience, and cannot be proven or disproven by traditional evidence. Silas may have been the source of the Jerusalem and Antioch traditions, but Professor Harnack's proofs of this in no wise touch the actual facts of Silas' experience in those cities. The homogeneous character of the script of the Acts of the Apostles by no means disposes of the experiences of the Apostles themselves, any more than Darwin's physical or homogeneous basis of evolution disposed of the physiological basis of it. We admit that Professor Harnack's task has been a gargantuan one, as Darwin's task was, but, like the latter's work, it proves nothing, except that he (Harnack) had to deal fundamentally with the miraculous or Divine, just the same as Darwin had to deal with it. It is, however, this very implication which makes both these men's work valuable. Darwin may have termed and thought himself an agnostic, but, whether he knew it or not, he was actually demonstrating the source of an Absolute Creator—a spiritual universe, even though he gave a physical expression to it. Professor Harnack, on the other hand, is not an agnostic, seeing that he is a professor of Christian history in the University of Berlin, so it would seem to be our duty to say that he has deliberately—that is, consciously—demonstrated the Divine source of St. Peter's miraculous release from bondage, as well as of those other miracles recorded in the Acts, simply by proving the homogeneous character of the traditional writing of the Acts, or, in other words, by proving St. Luke to be the author-editor of the Acts. For had St. Luke been guilty of writing untruths, all Professor Harnack's labours would have been as Dead Sea fruit, since the homogeneous character, and therefore the Apostolic actuality, of the Acts themselves (*ipso facto*) would have remained a ground of controversy, and, therefore, of Apostolic contradiction. We, as Christians, owe much to this splendid venture of the

Higher Criticism, since it gave us Professor Harnack. What a marvellous and stupendous reality Divine Immanence is, need never be a question of disagreement or argument in the future, after what these two apparently negative forms of it (Darwinism and Harnackism) have done to prove it.

We should like to see the scientific world pocket somewhat of its petty pride or ideal arrogance, by admitting the fact of an All-Powerful Creator and Ruler. And we trust, too, that the theological world will become united upon this irrefragable ground of uniformity of the Higher Criticism.

The work constitutes the XXVII. volume of the Crown Theological Library Series, and the Rev. J. R. Wilkinson, M.A., is responsible for its translation.

Sculptors of Life. By THOMAS YATES. (London: James Clarke and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

How many are there in the bustling and heaving crowds who, if they found themselves suddenly isolated from all kind of fellowship, would not feel the weight of a self-depression? They would, in fact, be deprived of the only thing that tests their personality. They, poor souls, only know themselves through physical objection, for they have no other sense of organisation. When left to themselves, therefore, their conscious basis of existence appears a veritable wilderness. No wonder they are sad at heart. They may be said to exist only in the crowd, by the crowd, and for the crowd. They come, they go, they perish, and take nothing with them apart from the emotional vanities of an external nonentity. They are but children of what Tennyson terms an Infinite Ideality. They possess no ground of reality, merely because their sense of existence lacks character. "Ex nihilo nihil fit." Yet there are fools in our midst who would give to such a nonentity a logical form. There are fools, and impious ones, who maintain that your crowds, your mediocracy, your republicanism, your socialism, possess the attributes of self-government. This great nonentity, in fact, which lacks all sense of logic or wisdom, which has no moral restriction, no tastes for poetry and beauty, no knowledge of justice or order, except that form which is born of mere impulse—this great nonentity fools would endow with power! They would make character, and therefore soul and intellect, subjective to it. God forbid that the teaching of such fatuous and barbarous ignorance should be allowed to flourish. The need of England at the present time is for men of character, wisdom, and principle. Unfortunately for her, the Golden Image has been made omnipotent, and with it the enthronement of a popular, vulgar, and demoralising greed.

Never, perhaps, in the whole of our history was the need for a national reformation in character so pressing as it is at the present day. We therefore welcome a book which is earnest with the desire of promoting self-organisation or reflection.

"Sculptors of Life," mainly founded, as it is, upon the direct personal influences of the Master, possesses the true merit of self-persuasion, and its appealing force is not the less forcible for being attuned to meekness and humility. For these latter bear with them a balm which softens and heals the sharp yet necessary carving out of character. Mr. Yates, however, is hardly correct or just in his assertion that Habakkuk was a freethinker. A freethinker is a gentleman who, at the very start, denies his Maker. Habakkuk was a self-seeker after God, which is a very different thing, for without his belief in God he would never have become a prophet of God. The Master Himself says, "Seek, and ye shall find."

SHORTER REVIEWS

FICTION

The Woman Tempted Me. By E. CHARLES VIVIAN. (Melrose, 6s.)

MR. VIVIAN clings to the old-fashioned notion that if you take a normally respectable man, dress him in regimentals, teach him to shoot straight, and to hold himself upright instead of with a slouch, your subject immediately degenerates into a foul-mouthed person of uncleanly habits. This book has other peculiarities, being one of that not uncommon class which takes a scoundrel for a hero; it differs from most of its kind in the extreme liberality with which it showers vices upon the central figure, and the restraint with which it avoids crediting him with a single recognisable virtue. As the author lucidly remarks, "Roy Wilmot—perhaps he was an exception, and perhaps . . ." Let us hope fervently that he was an exception. This hopeful specimen of humanity begins his career by vanishing from home, leaving three hundred pounds' worth of debts behind him; though by what wizard finance, living in a small country town, he succeeded in pledging his father's credit for such an amount remains an insoluble mystery. Roy Wilmot's next exploit is to desert from the army with a sergeant's wife, and after incidentally ruining a few hundred people by a sham syndicate, he makes a fortune by the betrayal of a trust, and returns to England. The author proceeds to whitewash him, a process of which he stands sorely in need, and then marries him to a woman whom, presumably, we must call the heroine. We can only say that he deserved no better fate.

Meanwhile the sergeant's wife, marooned in India, has written three novels, which "placed her in the foremost rank of living writers." Here is a specimen of this lady's composition:—

"To the one man who can understand it all, this book is written. If others find it interesting, so much the better for them—I care very little regarding that point. As, if he sees it, that one will know the greater part of its incidents is plain, simple truth."

We are glad to think that none of us need despair of amassing a fortune "running into five figures" by the gentle exercise in leisure hours of a latent talent for literature.

The Ivory Box. By JOHN STRANGE WINTER. (C. H. White, 6s.)

EVERY kind-hearted and slightly bookish aunt who gave "Grimm's Tales" to her eldest niece last birthday, and is doubtful of giving anything so advanced as "David Copperfield" before next year, should have her attention directed to this volume; for, if she be in the habit of reading her gift-books, it will afford her some quite thrilling moments and much innocent pleasure. The story opens with an ideal picture of a house "with a massive oak door with shining brass knobs, set in a high red wall, the kind of wall that Randolph Caldecott drew to perfection." We surmise that the sight of this delightful house may have been the rootlet from which the whole tree sprang, since Mrs. Winter takes pains to people it with a traditional old uncle, a jovially fictional housekeeper, and a child who, to her scarlet hood, is created to be drawn by Randolph Caldecott. Not long, however, do we wander in these quiet paths. We encounter a mystery, a wicked Countess, necessarily Russian, and a most terrible kidnapping. We, putting trust in our author's good intent, do not believe in the permanency of these tribulations; and our faith is justified, for the book ends—in the author's words—"with sheer happiness and rejoicing." We have lived in a sunny atmosphere, suggestive of perpetual autumn, with leaves reddening and fruit ripening upon some orchard wall. It is not exactly life, but as a piece of make-believe it is sufficiently entertaining. John Strange Winter's conversational style of writing tends at times to an abuse of colloquialisms. The earlier pages,

especially, are sprinkled thick with statements and their contradictions, with "Was this to be! Oh, no"; and "Did this follow? Not at all"; which strikes us as somewhat childish; but these are slight blemishes upon a pleasant tale.

Strange Fire. By CHRISTOPHER MAUGHAN. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

"STRANGE FIRE" has a strange plot; indeed, an Adelphi atmosphere surrounds the novel. Its evil genius is a sexton, the villain a senior curate, the stage where the most crucial scenes of the drama are played is—the vestry of an English church. The church is in Leamshire, a geographical expression which is somewhat well worn. Humphrey Boyne, the junior curate at Chantry Kyme, is the son of a dipsomaniac; Luther Stone (there is no special symbolism in the names) is, like Boyne, in love with their vicar's daughter, Lippora Pym. Stone fails to win Lippora, and, hearing of Boyne's hereditary taint while he is eavesdropping outside the vestry, introduces daily celebration at Chantry Kyme, and contrives that all the work should fall upon Boyne for six uninterrupted weeks. Boyne "falls," and one morning is drunk and incapable of performing the marriage service, and Lippora, who is present in the church, cuts off her hair, wears Boyne's vestments, and performs the marriage, first carefully locking Boyne into a convenient "enormous oak cupboard which was used for hanging up the choir surplices." Though not so like to Boyne as Dromio to Dromio, there is a slight resemblance, and the winter fog aids the deception. The sexton alone guesses the truth, from Lippora's rings, which she had forgotten to take off. He tells the villainous senior curate of his discovery—in the vestry—and the latter, again in the vestry, forces Boyne to leave his curacy and to promise never to see Lippora again. For Lippora, by her impulsive action, had made herself guilty of a most serious felony, "an illegal personification of the worst kind," and she is liable to fourteen years' penal servitude, 4 Geo. IV., ch. 76, § 21! To prevent the prosecution, Boyne vanishes, leaving a farewell letter saying, "It is the price of my sin—never to meet more while day follows day—never to kiss more till our lips are clay." (The letter is in prose, not verse.) She takes refuge "in the stern safety of a sister church," while Stone, who has apparently no qualms about his action, is presented to a good living, and feels "happy with that delicious, indescribable freshness which comes just after a great wish has been satisfied." "After all," he ejaculates, "there's no profession like the Church. It is the only profession in which a simple letter by post can change a man from being a curate into a landowner." His secret is still safe. He is now a rural dean and a prominent member of the Diocesan Conference. "The Bishop thinks highly of him, and will most likely continue to do so." The book contains a great deal of entirely irrelevant conversation. The headings of the chapters are chosen with the cunning of the feuilleton. What can be more stimulating to the curiosity than "Cupid with a nimbus," "A pilgrim shadow," "The Ape of Death," and "Dead sparrows block up waterspouts"?

A Certain Rich Man. By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE. (The Macmillan Co. 6s.)

THERE is no mistake about the provenance of Mr. White's novel. It comes from America. Some Americans write English; others prefer, for patriotic reasons, a mixture of English and American. The historian of Sycamore Ridge belongs to the latter class. His book is a dictionary of the petrifications, the fossil humour, of the American language. What are we to make of such phrases as "Shut up your gib, you flannel-mouthed mick," "Old skeezicks," and that dark word, "a gallus-looking slink"? One of the citizens of Sycamore Ridge is puzzled at this picturesque term of abuse, and says so. He is greeted with, "A Harvard graduate, with the Harvard pickle dripping off your ears,

confessing such ignorance of your mother tongue! A gallus-looking slink is four boss-thieves, three revenue officers, a tin pedlar, and a sheep-killing dog, all rolled into one man."

The book is a plain tale, written for edification. It tells, with a great deal of American humour and American local colour, of the rise of a barefoot boy, John Barclay, to the position of Wheat King. But by the time that he sits "at the polished mahogany table with the green blotting-paper upon it under the green vase adorned with the red rose," he has lost his soul. Sycamore Ridge, ugly, provincial, with its ugly, provincial jobbing politics, rises with John Barclay, and possesses "all modern improvements." Finally John Barclay strips himself of every "dirty dollar," and is converted. His conversion is inevitably rewarded by a picturesque death of self-sacrifice, and his career culminates, like Enoch Arden's, in a "costly funeral," when "every hack in town was out, every high-stepping horse out, and the flowers—the flowers were most beautiful!"

In addition to the story, we are presented with a good many criticisms of life, and what Mr. White calls the "vast and baffling mystery of death." They are well-intentioned, but of the nature of platitudes.

TSCHAIKOWSKY, SYMPHONIST

WE have now left the Tschaiikowsky "boom" sufficiently far in the past to be able to estimate to what extent it was justifiable. Since Tschaiikowsky's heyday a new musical era has begun. Unfamiliar questions are thrown at us, and we are asked to be the judges of works infinitely more difficult to perform and understand than any previously written. But in the estimation of the public Tschaiikowsky holds a unique place; a place, be it noted, not accorded to other modern symphonists. So far as this country is concerned, only two names can be considered along with that of Tschaiikowsky: those of Brahms and Dvorak. Mahler and Bruckner, well known on the Continent, have as yet had no appreciable effect on the English public. Strauss, though he has written one example more or less orthodox, is not a symphonist in the ordinary sense. Glazounow, whose orchestral technique is prodigious, fails in his appeal because of his lack of humanity. His works invariably remind me of an armoury. There are awe-inspiring figures with great breast-plates, heavy gauntlets, ponderous greaves. But the forms do not impress, for they never move, and in place of an expressive countenance there is only an empty mask. Elgar's symphony, of which so much has been heard lately, is too young a child to have developed any historical personality.

The public knows Brahms by this time, and yet he does not appear to have been given his due by the rank and file of music-lovers. How even the most uneducated of amateurs could find Brahms dull in his symphonies has always been mysterious to me. It has lately been pointed out that the public imagination was largely responsible for the alleged obscurity of George Meredith. I am afraid that the same is true in the case of Brahms. Brahms and the folksong, the merry life of the people, the students' chorus, stand nearer to one another than most of us are willing to allow. One thing may be said of him: that with all his humour and his emotional force, he rarely makes us feel that he is taking us into his confidence in the sense that Tschaiikowsky does. This is a very great disadvantage from a popular point of view, for the average person likes to be made a confidant.

Dvorak is always interesting and musicianly. I often feel that the popularity of his New World symphony has been responsible for the comparative neglect of his other ones, just as the phenomenal success of "Carmen" stood in the way of a just appreciation of "Djamileh." The merits of the New World symphony do not require to be detailed, nor does the brilliance of Dvorak as an orchestral writer, and his more or less unfamiliar compositions will, I hope, be brought before the public more frequently, as

they deserve to get a fair chance of winning public favour. Dvorak is most absorbing when he is most national, and lets himself go. Then his vivacity, his strongly marked rhythms, his fiery temperament, rivet the attention. We have been hearing more of Smetana's music recently than is customary. Perhaps in the near future Dvorak may receive the attention he deserves. His fourth symphony in G is a very beautiful work.

Tschaikowsky is the musical Dickens. He imparts the feeling that he is taking the whole of humanity in his arms. Both men were sincere enough to be the prophets of the people; the work of both offers more than occasional lapses into vulgarity; both have a good store of sentiment and emotion, of which they can make an admirable use at will. Tschaikowsky appears to take the entire woes of the world on his back. At this point the Russian composer and the English novelist part company, for after we have finished with *Oliver Twist* and *Little Nell* there is always the smile of *Pickwick* in our mind's eye and the laughter of *Pingley Dell* in our ears. It is a temperamental difference, and it is just because Tschaikowsky's temperament is so evident all through his symphonies that he has come near to the hearts of the people. We have the Russian landscape in his first symphony; we have it in his last. But the popularity of his music demonstrates more than this, namely, that a joy and a sorrow are much the same thing to a man, whether he be a Russian or an Englishman.

Tschaikowsky will not stand comparison with Brahms as a handler of the symphonic form. We have only to remember the closely knit, logically written working-out sections of the Brahms symphonies to realise the weakness of this part of the Tschaikowsky ones. This weakness is very cleverly covered up, and until we probe below the surface we scarcely imagine that there is a poor link in the chain. But the orchestral trickery is seen through sooner or later. Had Tschaikowsky not a great deal more to recommend him, his music would have been decently buried long ago. His fourth, fifth, and sixth symphonies have been received like gospels, and even now, when the foolish claims of a great burst of public enthusiasm have been mercifully forgotten, it seems as though they would be assured of a safe place in the orchestral repertoire.

To the great struggling thousands this music has proved something in the nature of balm in Gilead. The fourth symphony is attractive because of its barbarism. It is a musical proof of the remark, "*Grattez le Russe et vous trouvez le Tartare.*" It is like the architecture of a Russian building. There are features which proclaim that both the East and the West had a hand in its fashioning. In this symphony there is, of course, an indebtedness to Western modes of thought, but it speaks of Russia, the great world-power, and carries us, as quickly as does the Eastern carpet, to scenes such as we find in the pages of Tolstoy and Turgenieff.

The fifth symphony is an advance on its predecessor. It rises to greater melodic heights, and its emotional content is altogether finer. It has a cheerfulness about it which is not usual with its author, and poised against this are melodies of grateful contrast. It is in many ways the greatest of the Tschaikowsky symphonies. But the public prefer the *Pathétique*. In its plan it is one of the most original of modern symphonies, but this is not the reason of its undoubted popularity. It speaks to the masses because it touches so many vital points. In the first movement it is bursting with heart sobs; in the second it is bizarre and frankly melodious; in the third it is full of heroism and energy; but the final brings us to the heart sobs again. It ends without so much as a flickering ray of hope. It is like the picture of a philosopher contemplating the problems of existence, and baffled by his own data. It is the sorrow of a giant in chains; strength made impotent by cruel circumstance; Russia struggling to free herself from tyranny. The *Pathétique* is a work of beauty, but it is the beauty of decay. This gospel is surely not a better one than that contained in Beethoven's choral

symphony! Perhaps it is the lesson of the century in sound. If so, it is hardly flattering to our civilisation. The *Pathétique* paints a landscape of beautiful ruin. But I do not care for a ruin as a halting-place. With all due respect to Ruskin and Maeterlinck, let me say that those old abbeys and mossy walls, while providing material for good poems, are not satisfactory as dwelling-houses. For myself, I had rather have the crackling hearth and cheery faces, the students' song, the smile of sweet seventeen, for these, too, belong to the great things of humanity, and send us on our way rejoicing.

D. C. P.

THE COLOUR PAGEANT OF THE ENGLISH YEAR

PALE primrose is the dawn of spring in England. Her winter was a long one, of dark days, grey mists, and drifting snow showers; but in March it is over. The winds begin to rise, the grey mist changes in hue and hangs in blue curtains over the distance. There is a primrose dawn in the woods. Let us be up at the sunrise. Tread steadily over the still barren fields, beside the stream with the clear-cut green margin—full, to the seeing eye, of the promise of lush summer. There is a hint of blue beneath the dark round violet leaves; the dancing air quivers between our eyes and the red-walled village; hazel catkins swing in the copse. England is a big soap-bubble of pale colours shimmering through a crystal vapour screen. Under the light-leaved trees the primroses crowd and cluster. In the plantation a pinkish cloud of bare birch boughs glows above the candle-like white stems. It is a feast of faint colours.

Gold is the primitive flower colour, the first variation evolved on the lowly green of moss, fern, and grass, a step upwards to greet the sun with an imitation of his own radiant face. And in spring the flowers are mostly golden. It is later in the year, when summer crowds the land with competing blossoms, making floral life less facile, that the more complex pinks and blues are seen. The year dawns in gold.

The days lengthen and the gold deepens. Primrose woods are replaced by cowslip meadows. A bluer sky hangs over them; their sweetness mounts on a milder air. Daffodil trumpets blow in the wind, laburnum sprays hang to the grass. With the blaze of buttercup pastures where cattle swish knee-deep in the gold, the sun is fully risen, and Nature mixes other colours on her floral palette. Blue—she has given the world a foretaste of its beauty in the sweet wild violets. Now she takes her cue from the sky, and lays it on with a lavish hand. Dog-violets, more showy, but without the fragrance of the little dark early ones, powder the wayside banks and the fringes of the moorland. Lilac showers drip over grey town walls. In marsh and by damp river meadows purple orchis spikes are pushing up through the soft ground. It is a bluebell world, and the bluebell wood is the floor of it, a blue, blue sea of fairy flowers, that sways to every ripple of wind. The trees wade ankle-deep in it, the first white butterflies of May are the seagulls that hover over it. Have you ever looked through a bluebell copse, where the little narrow path twines round the boles of the big trees, twines and twists and winds away into the heart of distance, and the cuckoo's call sounds in your ear monotonously as the lapping of lake waves in summer? If you have looked there, be it but once, you have known the beginning of the path that ends in fairyland. Summer rubs the beautiful blue bloom from the country's cheek. English summer is rose-colour, dawning in the blossom-clouds of pink and white that hang above May orchards. For May is the mad, merry month of the year. The golds and blues of late spring are then still fresh and sweet, and the first tender rose glow of summer is spreading over the land. There are few fairer things than a Devon countryside on a fine May morning. The green of the woods is still fresh and varied; the oak's pale brown shoots uncurl against the dark shadow

of pines; the larch is bright and grassy-hued, the plane beginning to grow large and leafy. Ashes are just budding, their boughs showing bare against the other trees' luxuriance; willows and poplars splash the wood with spots of grey-white. Below the trees the bluebell pool still sleeps; the fields are still paved with buttercup gold, for spring is yet here, but summer's rosy feet are dancing up the meadows. The pink-and-white blossom-mist floats over the orchards; masses of coral-coloured valerian cling to the grey cliffs; pink may mingles with purple lilac. There is a glow of rhododendrons amid the dark shiny green of the shrubbery; the rose on the porch is budding, and a lark sings high in heaven. Summer is very near. A day—a week—passes; she is here. Crimson ramblers cluster and hang in rainbow arches over the green garden paths. The gardeners' footprints on the dewy morning lawns have vanished before seven o'clock. On still afternoons one can almost see the heat throbbing, and from the eastern shrubbery a wood-dove gurgles his throaty, rapturous "Coo-oo-coo." Silence—then from the copse in the west comes the answer, liquid and distant, "Coo-oo-coo."

Walk through the garden at evening, where the bees are still humming about the hedges of pink sweet peas, over the spices of the rose-border. Follow the little path through the plantation. The sun is streaming through the lower leaf-boughs, lighting up the floor of the wood. We are in the fields, and the shadows of the hayricks are long on the grass. A field of clover, all one rosy flame, leaps up to the sunset. In the little lane, all tangled in white clematis and vetch, a lover and his lass are strolling—a rustic village couple, the man tongue-tied and awkward, the lass shy and pink-cheeked. Sweet hay, and pink clover, and rustic lovers. Summer sets rosy in old England.

But the second hay crop is mown; sorrel and dock grow rank by the wayside; south winds sprinkle the lawn with leaves; the days are creeping in. England's flower-year dawns in gold, and dies in a sunset of rich, ripe colours. It is a dawn of primroses, of tender, pale hues; but it is a death glorious, a sunset of burnished wheatfields, of brilliant autumn woods where the leaves whirl and fall in mad dances of death; of warm Highland moors, violet hills, and gorgeous evening skies. It is worth much to walk the English lowlands in autumn, see the shining fields stripped of their glory, watch the bare tree wreaths emerge from the falling russet leafage; to dream in the orchard, where the dull thud of an occasional tumbling apple falls softly on the ear; to wander amid the dahlias and chrysanthemums of the rich autumn garden, and mark the white mist rolling low over the evening fields.

It is worth much to do all this, but it is worth more, much more—it is the wine of life itself—to trudge across the autumn moorlands of the North. Who that in sunny September weather has done so can ever again call England colourless?

The moor is a late sleeper, but she wakens grandly. When the woods are fading and their leaves are falling, when the meadows and waysides are growing rank and seedy, the moor wakes up. Her heather carpet is a fresh and vivid purple, cotton-grass floats above her brown bog-pools; the sun draws up the fragrance of the bog-myrtle from her breast, and throws velvet shadows across her violet hills. The wind across the moor is a draught of autumn wine to the wanderer. It is a wind of death, but there is more of life, of zest in it than in all the fickle, chilly airs of spring. The English year is dying bravely, with sunset colours flying; the spirit of ancient conquerors is in her veins, there is no room for fear, "death will be such a big adventure."

And the glory fades, the last apple falls in the orchard, the last leaves drift from the trees, heather is rusty on the mountains. The flower year is dead, mist shrouds her about, hanging in the hill hollows and above the marshes; the spectral woods drip tears over her. The year is dead, only a grey ghost remains, only a snow-spirit of the gay days; but the ghost is beautiful.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES

SOCIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

At a meeting of the Sociological Society, in the hall of the Royal Society of Arts, Adelphi, on October 13, Mr. G. Laurence Gomme read a paper on "Sociology the Basis of Inquiry into Primitive Culture," Sir Edward Brabrook, C.B., presiding.

Mr. Gomme said that from the brothers Grimm onward there had been students of national antiquities, working on different lines and according to various theories. The Aryan solar myth was one of the most effective, and next in importance was the anthropological theory, claiming that civilised culture is directly descended from ancient savagery. On such lines Dr. Frazer had proved the existence of a system of primitive belief in modern Europe. Hitherto, whatever truth had come to light had not been found by right methods. These products of the people could not be considered apart from themselves. The social structure was the key to all we could learn about man. This was not merely criticism of past scholarship. It was a contribution to the general inquiry, and must be considered fundamental. The present question was: Did the social structure precede and originate the religious belief, or vice versa? Scholars had not been unanimous or always clear in their discussions of this question, but now both archaeologists and anthropologists were waking up to the sociological nature of their work. The fundamental proposition which was the true basis of research was this: inquiry into the condition of primitive man as represented by modern savages and national antiquities could only be conducted by considering each item of culture in association with all other items in the same social group. The custom of human sacrifice, found also among Indo-European peoples, was a fruitful example for consideration, and when we applied the sociological test we found we must consider first the social structure in which it was embedded. This was an important subject *per se*, and we might formulate this structure as a tribal community with a village of non-Aryan serfs under it, a dual organisation found in all Indo-European peoples, and represented, originally, by conquerors and conquered. This structure, adapted to migrations, conquests, and re-settlements, was a force of great magnitude in history. The sacred character of kinship within the tribe was the religious basis, and kept the group intact, apart, at the top. Dealing with the general evidence for this theory, we found in India the *arya-varna* and *dasa-varna*, conquerors and conquered, tribesmen and agriculturists of the villages; in Western Asia the Avesta commonwealth and inferior handicraftsmen, the remnants of the aborigines; in Lacedæmonia, the indigenous Helots ruled over by the warrior race; in Athens, a fully organised tribe superposed upon a race of inferiors; in Rome, the patricians and plebeians; in the Slav countries, less definitely, a community of aboriginal Finns; in Scandinavia, the nobles and the thralls of Lapp origin; in the German countries, a warrior class of tribesmen above a subject village community; and in Celtic lands tribes above common people regarded nearly in the light of slaves. All this proved the fundamental principle of Indo-European sociology, the existence of a subordinate people living under the overlordship and government of a ruling caste and possessing a definite legal and constitutional status. This organisation was more powerful than any other tribalism, and essentially different; it was not only a polity, but a religion, and indestructible. The term "tribe" had been chosen deliberately by the Indo-European organisation, and must not be confused with the term as used vaguely to mean native, or "patriarchal family." It could be proved that the Indo-European tribe was not entirely dependent upon blood kinship, but that full tribal kinship

included kinship by common worship. This basis of inquiry would lead to new results. Tracing tribalism to its foundations, we should find ourselves at the back of mythology and nationality, we should be able to form new values in examining old materials, and to construct upon a firmer basis not only the general history of the entire race, but the particular history of any single branch.

CORRESPONDENCE

"THE MAGIC OF WORDS."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

DEAR SIR,—On perusing your last issue I came across an article entitled "The Magic of Words," and cryptically signed "E. T.," which I hailed with the greatest of pleasure.

I have always had a passionate love for verbal beauties, and a lovely new word is to me as a gem to a collector of jewels. There are words that wail and words that weep, thrill like sunbeams or chime like bells. And though we live in an age whence the authors of "Salammbô" and "Marius the Epicurean" have scarcely departed, and wherein Pierre Loti and Gabrielle D'Annunzio, also, make valiant but not quite successful efforts to tread in their footsteps, I will now attempt to convey a few of my small impressions of word-imagery through the cold media of pen and paper.

There is an artistic water-word Baudelaire is fond of using, "fluming," and there are the "glimmering" of Tennyson and "darkling" which Buckley, in a footnote to Milton, declares to be that bard's own invention. In a translated edition of Æschylus, compiled by Ernest Rhys, we hear both of "black bane" and the softer "suasive," for persuasive. In a short story I heard read aloud recently I was captivated by a description of "shadows, that lunged and leapt," whilst in a modern volume I adored another shadow pictured as "lavender," and I bow with homage to David's psalmic representation of the moon as "the sun of the sleepless." In a charming little work by Michael Fairless called "The Road-mender," I was attracted by "the spear and spume of the sea," which dashes all its salt spray at you with a snaky and sibilant hiss; and, amid compound words, Milton's "amber-dropping" hair of Sabrina, and Swinburne's "bruised balm-blossom," should stand pre-eminent. What a wealth of music there is in "miasma, a poisonous mist," "translucent," or, as Keats has it in "Lamia," "lucid" with its moonstone suggestion, "diaphanous," a gossamer Titania word of elfin; "sybilline," hinting at coiled serpents and the wise aged women; "pristine," with its reminiscences of pyramids and cavernous Egyptian darkness; and "cerulean," as the Mediterranean must have been when Aphrodite arose, foam-born, from out its tideless deeps. Shelley exquisitely sang of "crystalline" waters, and readers of Poe will admit the siren-note of his "hyacinthine groves" and his "Eidolon" called night. Crashing words are "virile," wherefrom Lord Lytton probably derived his powerful fictitious force "vril" in "The Coming Race," and "iconoclast," from a word signifying the breaker of ikons. "Choromandel and satinwood" is a harmonious combination, and so is the old Egyptian feminine name, "Gold and Lapis Lazuli." Pater has crowded both graphic realism and captivation into three words when he depicted the Gothic style of architecture as "Gothic-on-stilts," and in a short, quaint little Japanese narration by Max Beerbohm named "Yai and the Moon" a bereft native widower tenderly alludes to his deceased spouse as his "sugared waterfall." Referring to striking exclamations, what could excel the cry of poor, deceived King Lear on learning the fate of the gentle Cordelia, "Devils and darkness!"; of the demon-beset Faust, turning in vain repulsion against Mephistopheles, to whom he has bartered his soul in blood, "Serpent! Serpent!"; or Hamlet's historical jeer, when he stabs Polonius through the screen, "Rats!" That word is a masterpiece as it stands. Only a genius in the heat of a fiery inspiration could have placed it just where it is. Another dramatist, writing in cold blood, would have made Hamlet say, "I hear rustlings behind yon screen! Avaunt! false traitor! I will stab thee through!" But Hamlet merely draws back his lips into a thin sneer, hisses "Rats!" and there we have it—a whole scene in a monosyllable, a complete tragedy in four little letters.

A flood of poetical thoughts o'erwhelms one in saying "dolorous"—'tis a sighing breath from the vineyards of Provence-land, a tear fallen from the dreamy eyes of "Notre Dame des Sept Douleurs." Dante's "sempiternal roses" and "moony eyes" of the diabolical Farfarello demand attention, and so does Milton's "sanctitudes of heaven," "palpable

obscure," and "orient pearl." In Tom Hood's "Haunted House" there is much verbal riches, and give me "the purple tire and caul" of Spenser and the "latoun," the "vair," the "dyed sendaline," and "the samite" of Sir Thomas Malory's "King Arthur." Here are a few more examples briefly set down: "Round tires," "rusty basnets," "strobos," "sandrastrum," "a little 'glooming' light" (see Spenser's "Faerie Queene"), "origan and thyme," "camphire," "red mimosa flowers" (an Arabian variety), "filaments," "meandering," "chaste preamble," "chamfered clouds," "orbicular," "gradient," "hoar," "marish flowers," "frore" (see E. B. Brown's "The Dead Pan"), "mandragora," "spiral," "sinuous," "lush," "viscous red," "chrysolite," "inurn," "white jade" (Chinese), "cinnet bloom" (Maori), "his dark azure beard" (Persian), "trinal," "pellucid," "ambrosial," "pilasters," "protean," "plenilune," "beryl," "amaranth and asphodel," "odalisque," "unguence," "runes," "vervain," "myrrh," "imparadised," "topaz," "ambergris," "rosemary and rue," "solemn sloping," "green flagstones," "lotus," "iris," "Arab cruce," "alambic," "sycamore," "chrysoprase," "opaline," "jasmin," "white laurel," "marjoram," "ceramic," "magian drums and scents of sandalwood" (see Henley's "Orientale"), etc., etc., etc.

To me, all Swinburne's fervent love-theme, "The Leper," is summed up in that terribly accurate picture of the sick beauty's tresses, "Her hair, half grey, half ruined gold." The heavy, barbaric splendour of the proper nouns of antiquity, also, is a study of inexhaustible wealth. "Demeter and Eleusis," "Dionysos Zagreus," "Thrasimene," "Byzantium," and so on ad infinitum.

There are a few words whose origin endears them to me. Few people are over-fond of philology, and not too many ask for the sources of such words as "Halcyon," "Menthol" (nowadays the name of a common preparation for the cure of headaches), and "heliotrope." I commend enquirers to read Ovid's "Metamorphoses" for the genesis of these, as I wish to discuss a few others here. The first one is the common garden-name of our own popular food, the bun. Bun comes from the Egyptian "bonn," which was a round cake baked in honour of the moon-goddess Isis, and decorated with the double horns of the deity in the same manner as the cross wherewith modernity adorns its buns on Good Friday. The word "ogre," familiar to all youthful readers, has its root in the Scandinavian Yggr or ogre. "Yggdrasil," the famous world-tree of the Druids, really implied "The Horse of Yggr," this being a title for Odin, the storm-god, who was fabled to ride the tree in the tempest. "Old Nick" was the dignified title of the god Kuotan or "Hnikr," and the deuce once referred to the ancient Dusii or the night-spirits of the Celts. "Peg" was probably a prehistoric local Celtic word, meaning "a spirit," in Lancashire, where a malicious nymph, known as "Peg O'Neil," or "The Soul of Nell," was said to inhabit the river Ribble. "To lull" is a Russian importation, and dates from "Lel," the Slavonic god of sleep. "Dithyramb" is a haunting word, as it implies "the revel of the god" (Dionysus). It is full of Bacchic shouting and Maenad laughter; one can almost hear Archilochus, the old Greek Iambic poet, saying to Athenaeus, "I know well how to dance the Dithyramb when the wine thunders dizzily through my brain!" "Tragedy" means "the goat-song," as a tragedy was a lyrical cycle, either performed by men clad in goat-skins, or an orgy of Bacchus.

Rossetti once used "bluth" instead of "blood." This is a good way of softening down a rather hard word, which is just as impregnable in German as "Blut." Other purely Saxon words, however, sound very objectionable and clumsy in English. Thus I do not care for "the Knopped chapters" in the authorised English version of the Old Testament, nor the Scotch "yammering" (German "jammern," "to bewail"), nor the "spurred in" of Shakspeare's "Troilus and Cressida" (German "einsperren," to lock in or imprison). Also, I never liked the phrase "she stood Monadnoc's head," in Emerson's world-reputed poem, "The Sphinx." Personally, and without prejudice, I think it very ungraceful altogether. I should like to add, before leaving this topic, that I agree with Carlyle in averring that the most alluring language in the world is to be found in the chapter of the afflicted Job.

Whilst I was away this year I unearthed a collection of the lullabies of different nations, and amongst a variety, comprising all stages of merit, I discovered one exhaling enchantment and glamour, which made me dream of faded pot-pourri in big rose-bowls, stained windows, spinets, and warm, sweet garden-closes. And here it is: "Old English Lullaby of The Virgin" ("temp. Henry IV.")—

"Lullay, lullay! lytel child, myn owyn fode;
How zalt Thou sufferin be nayled on the rode,
So blyssid be the time.

"Lullay, lullay! lytel child, myn owyn dere smarte;
How xalt Thou sufferin the sharp spere to Thy herte?
So blyssid be the time.

"Lullay, lullay! lytel child, I synge all for Thy sake;
Many on is the sharpe shour to Thy body is shape;
So blyssid be the time!

"Lullay, lullay! lytel child, fayre happis Thee befalle;
How xalt Thou sufferin to drynke ezy! and galle?
So blyssid be the time.

"Lullay, lullay! lytel child, I synge all befor;
How xalt Thou sufferin the sharp garlond of thorn?
So blyssid be the time!

"Lullay, lullay! lytel child, gwy wepy Thou so sore?
Thou art bothin God and man, gwat woldyst Thou be more?
So blyssid be the time!"

This is, indeed, the magic of words.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

SHALL AND WILL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—May I submit the following remarks, in reply to "Scrutator's" questions published in your last issue?

1. If we had been in the days of our fathers, we *would* not have been partakers with them.

I prefer "we *should* not have been partakers" (nous n'aurions pas été leurs associés). "We *would* not have been," would mean: Nous n'aurions pas voulu être leurs associés.

2. Desiring him that he *would* not delay to come to them.

If the author, in using the word *desire*, wishes to convey the wish as a petition, "he *would*" is right, because the whole sentence means*: Le priant de vouloir bien (d'être assez bon pour) ne pas tarder à venir à eux.

3. I thought it necessary to exhort the brethren, that they *would* go before unto you.

As to *exhort* means to animate or urge by arguments to a good deed, it is a kind of prayer, and would have in French the meaning of: "J'ai trouvé qu'il était nécessaire d'exhorter les frères à vouloir bien se rendre auparavant auprès de vous." *Would* is therefore correct.

4. For though I *would* desire to glory, I *shall* not be a fool.

Car quoique je désire me réjouir, je ne serai pas si sot. I prefer: For though I *should* desire to glory, I should not be a fool; or, with the indicative: "For though I desire to glory, I *shall* not be a fool."

5. There doubtless are such unconquerable young ladies of eighteen, or one *should* not read about them.

Should is incorrect here, the meaning being: ou bien on ne lirait pas de récits ayant trait à elles (or one *would* not read about them) (simple conditional).

6. I conclude you have no precious stones, only sometimes they come where one *should* not expect them.

I prefer, here, the simple conditional to the emphatic one: Je conclus que vous n'avez en fait de pierres précieuses que celles qui se trouvent là où l'on ne s'attendrait pas à les voir (where one *would* not expect them).

7. I *would* be delighted to see you, and I am sure Jones *would* be also.

The first *would* is wrong, the second is right. Both referring to feelings over which one can have no control, the simple conditional must therefore be used.

Example.

I *should* be delighted.
Thou *wouldst* be delighted.
He (Jones) *would* be delighted, etc.

* According to my French interpretation.

8. We *shall* see, or our sons *shall* see.

It should be: We *shall* see, or our sons *will* see, as a simple future is meant.

Example.

I *shall* see.
Thou *wilt* see.
We *shall* see.
You *will* see.
They (our sons) *will* see.

9. The writer is perfectly well aware that, by the plain language which he has used, he *shall* make himself a multitude of enemies.

This sentence is perfectly correct. It refers to a case of the *Indirect speech*, where the subject of the verb *is* is also that of the verb *shall make*, as: "The writer is aware that he (himself) *shall make* a multitude of enemies"; or, in the *direct speech*: "I *shall* make myself a multitude of enemies (in spite of my desire not to make any)."

A case in point:

I do not like the book. I do not like the hero. I have said the most I *could* for him, and yet I *shall* be abused for speaking so coldly as I have done.

Je n'aime pas le livre. Je n'en aime pas le héros. J'ai dit de lui le plus de bien que j'ai pu, et cependant on dira du mal de moi pour en avoir parlé aussi froidement que je l'ai fait.

—Macaulay.

10. To prophesy that the odes of Coventry Patmore *shall* be confessed, etc.

Correct. The language of prophecy being used here, *shall* may be employed throughout the tense.

11. If I blow out my brains at Monte Carlo, *shall* the world be one whit the poorer?

Incorrect. It should be "will the world be one whit the poorer?" (Le monde sera-t-il un tantinet plus pauvre?)

Example.

Will he set out to-day?

Partira-t-il naturellement, ou (voudra-t-il partir) aujourd'hui?

Shall he set out to-day?

Partira-t-il (faudra-t-il qu'il parte) aujourd'hui?

12. *Should* you be surprised to learn?

Correct. The answer expected being, "I *should* be surprised."

Example of a Conditional Mood.

Present Tense, used interrogatively.

Should I set out to-day?†

Partirais-je aujourd'hui?

Wouldst thou set out to-day?

Partirais-tu (voudrais-tu partir) aujourd'hui?

Shouldst thou set out to-day?

Partirais-tu (les circonstances t'obligeraient-elles à partir) aujourd'hui?

Would he set out to-day?

Partirait-il (voudrait-il partir) aujourd'hui?

Should he set out to-day?

Partirait-il (les circonstances l'obligeraient-elles à partir) aujourd'hui?

Should we set out to-day?

Partirions-nous aujourd'hui?

Would you set out to-day?

Partiriez-vous (voudriez-vous partir) aujourd'hui?

Should you set out to-day?‡

Partiriez-vous (les circonstances vous obligeraient-elles à partir) aujourd'hui?

Would they set out to-day?

Partiraient-ils (voudraient-ils partir) aujourd'hui?

Should they set out to-day?

Partiraient-ils (les circonstances les obligeraient-elles à partir) aujourd'hui?

A FRENCH LINGUIST.

† "With regard to *Would I?* and *Would we?*, they have been purposely omitted, because they, together with *Will I?* and *Will we?*, are, in the words of Bain, "a mere-absurdity, as the speaker asks the other party what he himself alone can know, namely, his own will and determination."

‡ "The verb to be used in a question," says Mason, "depends upon the verb expected in the reply." We say: *Would* you set out to-day? if we expect the answer to be *I would*; and we say: *Should* you set out to-day, if we expect the answer to be *I should*. Now, as *I would be surprised* is not English, the only answer expected was: *I should be surprised*, and the question was bound to be "Should you be surprised?" and not "Would you be surprised?" which latter question would betray, on the part of the inquirer, an ignorance of English grammar.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—“A French Linguist's” letter in your last issue has a special value in that it illustrates sundry points in the use of *shall* and *will* in which foreigners commonly differ from the English. It is precisely in the substitution of *shall* for *will* in such expressions as “I will beg my readers' leave” (the sneaker's thoughts having reference to a present, not a future permission) that the foreigner's speech bewrayeth him; and the quaint charm of his utterances is often irresistible. Despite his book-lore, he has failed to realise that the verb to *will* has not necessarily a future significance. The “Wilt thou?” and “I will” of our marriage service would possess little force had they regard, not to the immediate present, but to some indefinite occasion yet to come.

Your correspondent has not made evident by what process, grammatical or mental, *I will* may be “softened” into *I shall*. When he writes: “Who shall find fault with the future in the following sentence?” he is either employing the auxiliary so that it implies constraint, duty, or official obligation—as though one should say: “On whom does it devolve to do so and so?”—or he is adopting Biblical usage, as exemplified in Rom. viii. 33: “Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect?” But, as Dr. Angus remarks in a luminous passage in his “Handbook of the English Tongue” (p. 219):—

“In Scripture ‘shall’ is a common form of the future, where if we were speaking of ‘earthly things,’ ‘will’ would be more suitable. It is applied to God, because every idea of constraint is by the nature of the case excluded; and it is applied to His purposes, to the operation of His laws, and the fulfilment of His truth, because a human ‘will’ is not in such cases the originating or controlling cause; thus, ‘Thou shalt endure, and thy years shall not change.’”

In holding that present volition rather than future action is indicated in the sentence: “Now, gentlemen, I will criticise the remarks,” I must again differ from “A French Linguist,” for the meaning of the speaker might equally well be rendered by saying, “I wish now to criticise the remarks.” In sentences of this kind *now* is not the adversative of *hereafter*, but has the meaning in view of these facts (see Murray, “A New Engl. Dict.,” VI., s.v. “Now,” p. 244).

For the correct employment of *shall* and *will*, the feasibility of a contemplated action and the intention of the agent may both have to be considered. Thus, where purpose without regard to possibility is in view, two infinitives after *shall* and *will* are not wisely coupled by *and* in place of *to*. But in the words of the Psalmist: “When shall I come and appear before God?” and is perfectly in place. “Cæsar came and saw and conquered”; also he came to conquer. The request “Will you come to dine with me?” would savour slightly of impoliteness, since the obtaining of food is not supposed to be the object of a friendly visit.

FRANCIS H. BUTLER.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Permit me to answer “Scrutator's” inquiry in THE ACADEMY of the 9th inst., as follows:—1, 3, 7, 9, 11, and 12 are, I venture to think, incorrect; 2, 4, 5, 6, and 8 are correct; and 10 is not clear. To give reasons would occupy too much of your valuable space.

P. W.

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A second sight for a philosopher—
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That gem-bedizen'd "horse-shoe" at th' Opera,
Replete with costly bags and matrons fair!
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Their escorts parades of feature coarse,
A rich array of Luxury and Vice!

But, spite of them, the music's very nice.

"Here you have whips, scorpions, and a knock-out blow with a vengeance. The sonnet as a whole is not one, which we can approve from a technical or a sentimental point of view, but it has points. Henley might have plumed himself on that line about the creaking corsets, and the last line, a *coup de force* in its way, reminds us of the withering ironies of Byron. It is only fair to Mr. Chaloner to add that not all his sonnets are concerned with back-biting. . . . Some of them show the tenderer emotions proper to a poet. We like him best, however, in his character as metrical bruiser. . . . His book is well worth possessing."—*The Academy*, August 8th, 1908.

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